SLOVENLY PETER

BY

DR. HEINRICH HOFFMANN

Translated by

ANNIS LEE FURNESS

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THE PICTURES AND VERSES AS REMEMBERED
BY THE CHILDREN OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

This translation of *Slovenly Peter* was made about sixty-five years ago by a young girl, Annis, daughter of Dr. William Henry Furness. She afterwards was known as the successful translator of *Old Mam'selle's Secret* and many other novels. Her father gave a copy to his friend Emerson for his children. Years after, when it was wanted in the family for the next generation, the old copy had been lent and lost, and the later translation was not so good, with the pictures coarsely reprinted, and a sequel less charming added. The sisters recalled the verses, and the elder wrote them out for her nephews and niece in her clear handwriting, and the brother reproduced the pictures with unexpected exactness from memory.

Four of the stories were included in the first edition of *Favourites of a Nursery*. In the second edition the others were added in an Appendix, and the entire series is now reprinted in facsimile for those who wish the book in separate form.

E. E. F.

SLOVENLY PETER.

Slovenly Peter

Fie! naughty wild and slovenly Peter!
I fear he never will be neater.
For many many many weeks
No water has been near his cheeks;
And 'tis a year now I declare
Since he has let nurse comb his hair.
And then those nails, 'tis very clear
They've not been cut at all this year!
It is no wonder that all cry,
O naughty slovenly Peter, fie!

Cruel Frederic.

This Frederic, this Frederic,
Did many naughty things
He caught the pretty little flies
And then pulled off their wings
He killed the bird,
He tamed the cat;
He broke the chair
On which he sat;
And only think! oh woe and woes!
He beat his kind and gentle nurse.

One day unto the river's brink
A thirsty dog came down to drink
And then this cruel Frederic
Crept slyly toward him with a stick
And though the dog howled
loud with pain,
He whipped and whipped and
whipped again,
Until the creature turned around
And sprang on Frederic with a bound
And bit his leg, oh! oh! indeed!
'Twas terrible to see it bleed.

Now Frederic had in bed to stay
Suffering great pain both night
and day
While near him stood Dr Van Dimm
And gave him bitter medicine

The dog now sat in Frederic's
seat
And ate up all his nice sausage
meat
And smacked his lips, it
was so fine,
And quenched his thirst with
claret wine.

The Wild Huntsman.

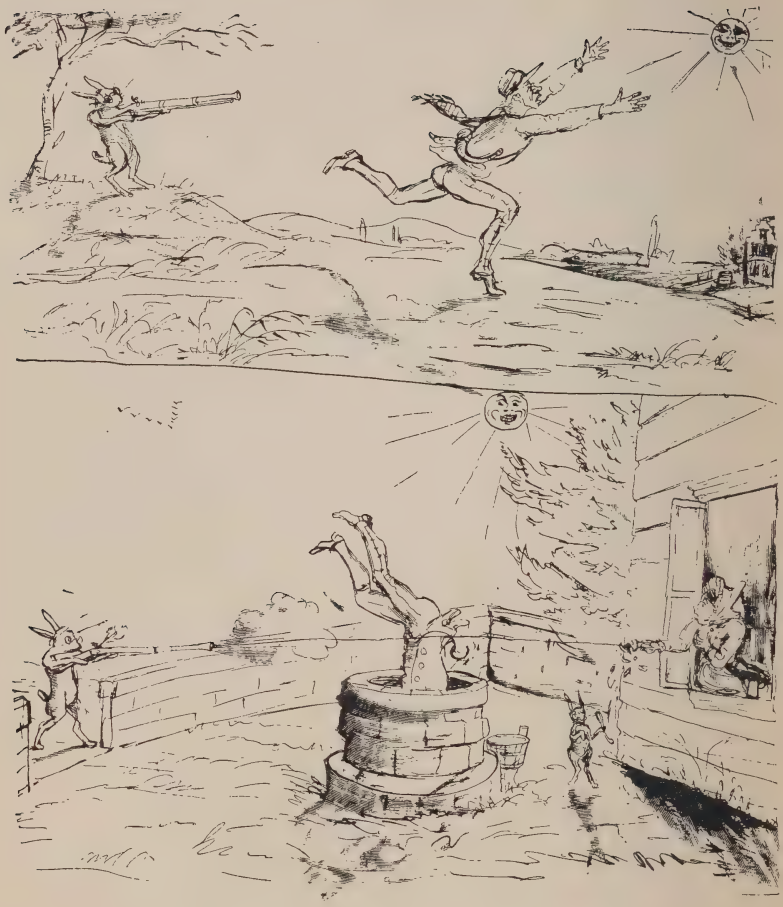
The wild huntsman put on his little green sack
And took his powder and gun
He buckled his Knapsack upon his back
And off to the fields he did run.

He put his spectacles upon his nose and said
"Now I will shoot the little hares and kill them dead.

A cunning hare that peeped from out
Her house of leaves and grass
Could not help laughing
As she saw the huntsman pass.

But the sun shone too hot on the huntsman's head
"My gun is becoming too heavy," he said.
So he laid himself down in the shade of a tree,
And shut up his eyes and slept peacefully.

The little hare saw him, and out she crept
Stole slyly toward him and while he slept.



She took off his spectacles, picked up his gun
And softly on tip-toe away she did run.

She placed the spectacles on her own nose.
And back with the gun to the hunter she goes
She pointed the gun at the brave hunter's heart
Who awaked and sprang up at once with a start.
He screamed for help, and like lightning he flew,
"He'll shoot me! Oh help me! Oh good people, do!"

The brave hunter's breath was now almost spent—
He saw a deep well, quickly towards it he went
He stopped for a moment, then into it sprang
The hare pulled the trigger. Off went the gun. Bang!

The hunter's wife near the window stood,
Drinking her coffee, which tasted good.
The same shot broke her cup in two
"Oh dear!" she cried, "what shall I do?"

Near by the well, and hidden there
Was the old hare's child, the tiny hare
When he heard the shot, he quickly ran

And the coffee ran down on his dear little nose
He hopped, and he cried "What burns me so?"
And he held up the spoon on his little toe.

Pauline and the Matches

One day Pauline was all alone
Her parents both from home were gone.
A round the room she lightly sprung
And clapped her hands and danced and sung
She suddenly before her spied
A box of matches "Oh!" she cried,
"How glad I am this box to see!
Oh what a pretty play 'twill be!
I'll light a little match or two,
Just as I've seen my Mother do."

Then Minz and Maunz,
The little cats,
Held up their little paws,
"Miow, mew, mow!" they cried,
And threatened with their claws
"Oh put it down! In flames thou'lt be!
Thy Mother hath forbidden thee"

Pauline the Kittens did not hear.
The little match burned bright and clear.
It crackled flickered prettily,
Just as you in the picture see
Oh never in her life before
Had any plaything pleased her more

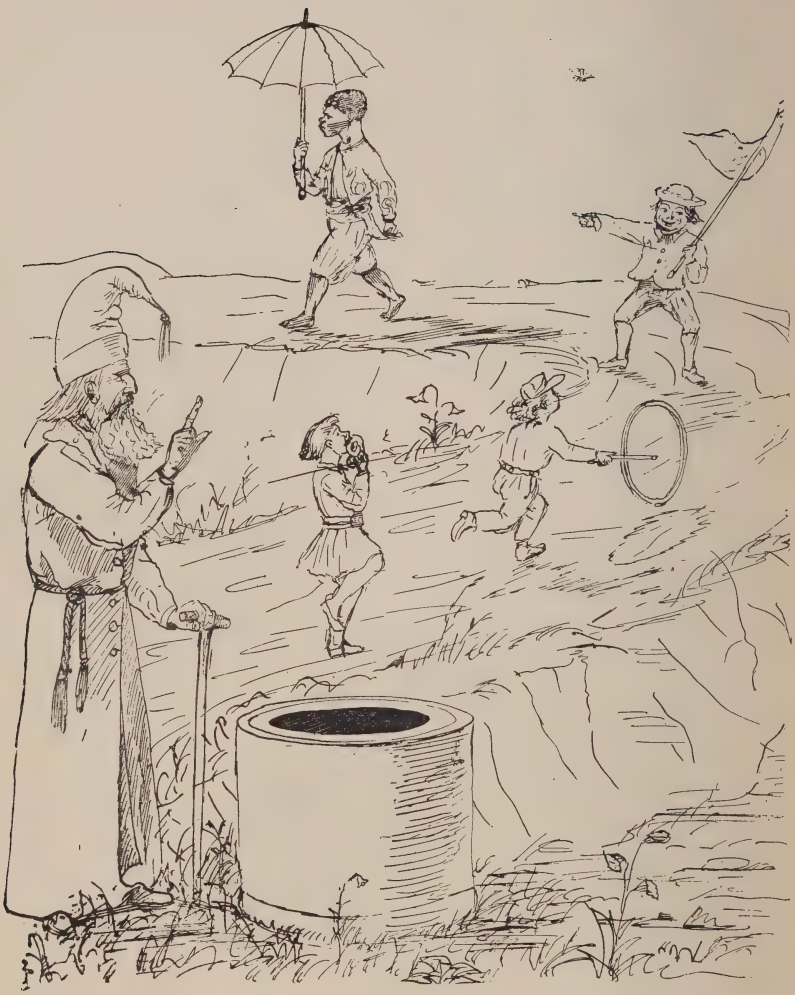
But Minz & Maunz
The little cats,
Held up their little paws,
Miow, mew, mow! they cried
And threatened with their claws
Oh put it down! In flames thou'lt be!
Thy Father hath forbidden thee!"

Ah! dreadful, dreadful tale to tell
The match upon her apron fell
It kindled, burned her hands, her head
All over her the flames soon spread.

Then Minz and Maunz
The little cats,
Began to scream and cry,
"Help! Fire! Oh who will quickly come.
The child will surely die."
She's all in flames from top to toe.
Miow, mio! Miow, mio.

Pauline now no more was there,
She burned from pantalette to hair
And in the place where she had been
A heap of ashes might be seen.
And that, with her dear little shoes
Alone remained to tell the news.

But Minz & Maunz, the faithful cats
Sat by the pretty shoes,
And said, "Unto her parents dear, oh! who will tell them.
Miow mio! Miow mio!"
Their tears like little brooks did flow.

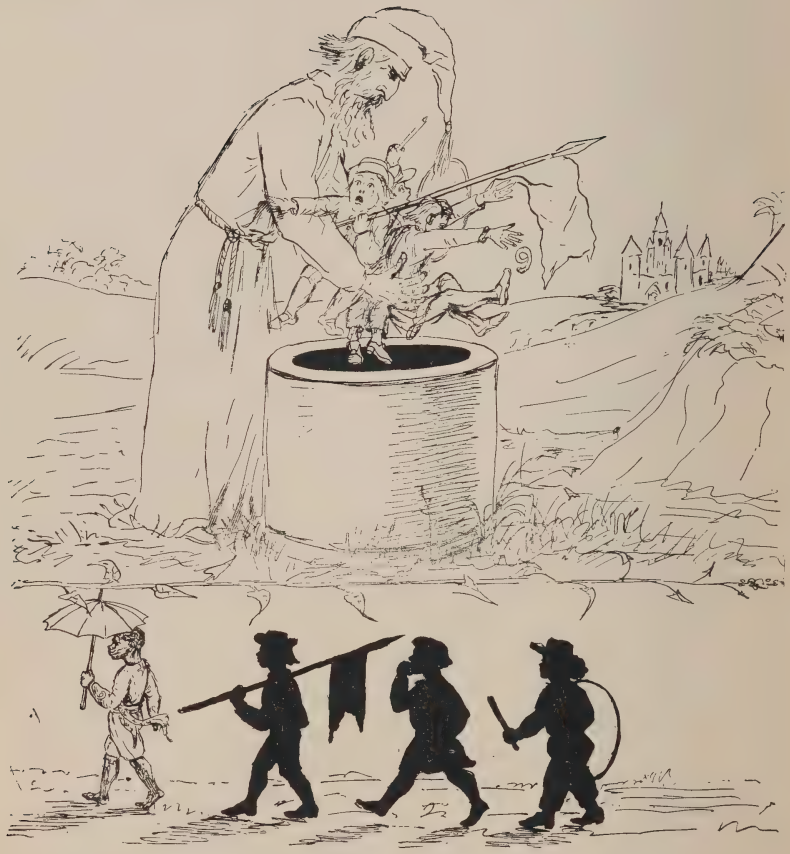


The Blackamoor

Three children from the window saw
A black boy pass before the door;
He held above his head of wool
A parasol to keep him cool.

Then Lewis with his flag ran out,
And in the street did loudly shout,
And William, with his hoop to round,
Ran after with a skip and bound,
And Caspar followed with his cake,
Oh what a racket they did make!
They thought it was the greatest fun
To mock the black and see him run.

But suddenly they turned, and saw
St. Nicholas standing near,
He had a monstrous ink-stand,



And he said "Now children, hear!
Stop pointing at this coloured man,
And let him go in peace.
He cannot change his skin, you know,
So let your laughter cease."

Alas! the children did not heed,
St. Nicholas spoke in vain;
For just as soon as he had gone
They turned and laughed again.

St. Nicholas returned, and looked
This time both stern and wild,
Just as you in the picture see
He seized every child,
And dipped them in the inkstand,
These naughty children three,
And kept them there until they were
As black as they could be.

Now see them in the picture, much blacker are they all
Than he who walks before them with a green parasol.

Rocking Philip.

"Philip, do you hear?
Sit still at table, dear."
Thus spoke in earnest tone
The Father to his son,
While Mother, with a serious air,
Looked round upon the table there.

But Philip did not mind;
To play he felt inclined;
He rocked upon his seat,
He kicked with both his feet,
He wriggled,
He giggled,
He slung,
He swung
Back and forth, here and there,
To and fro upon the chair.

But ah! my little children, ah!
The chair, the chair, rocks back too far.
Can nothing help him? No, ah no!
Down to the ground he'll surely go.

He pulls the cloth with all his might,
And though the Father holds it tight,
In spite of all that he
can do,
It goes, and down goes Philip too!

Now Philip disappears from sight
All but his heels are hidden quite,
The table-cloth is o'er him spread,
The table is uncovered,
Knife and fork, soup and bowl,
All upon the floor do roll.

The soup-tureen
Is broken too.
What will the hungry
Parents do?

Both stand, lift up their hands,
And mourn,
Their nice warm dinner
Is all gone.

Young William was a healthy child,
As fat as he could be;
He had as round and rosy cheeks
As you would wish to see.

But once he took it in his head
His soup he would not eat—
He threw away his spoon, and screamed,
And jumped up in his seat.

"I will not eat my soup!" he cried,
"I'd rather starve! oh! oh!
"I will not — will not — eat my soup!
"I will not eat it; no!"

The next day came. How changed he looked
William grew pale and thin
But still he would not eat his soup
When the cook sent it in.

"I will not eat my soup!" he cried.
"I'd rather starve! oh! oh!
I will not, will not, eat my soup.
I will not eat it; no!"

On the third day, — ah me! ah me!
William grew thin and thinner,
He screamed and cried with hunger,
He would not eat his dinner.

On the fourth day he dwindled down,
And did not weigh a pound;
And when the fifth day came, alas!
They laid him in the ground.

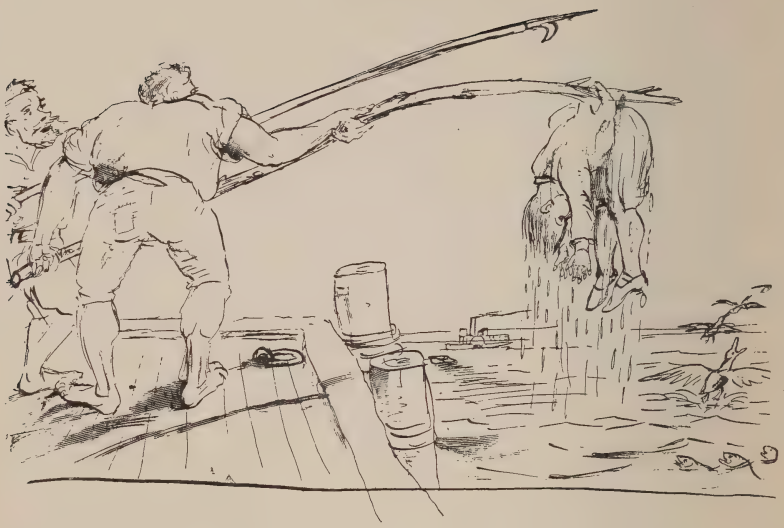
Johnny Look-in-the-Air.

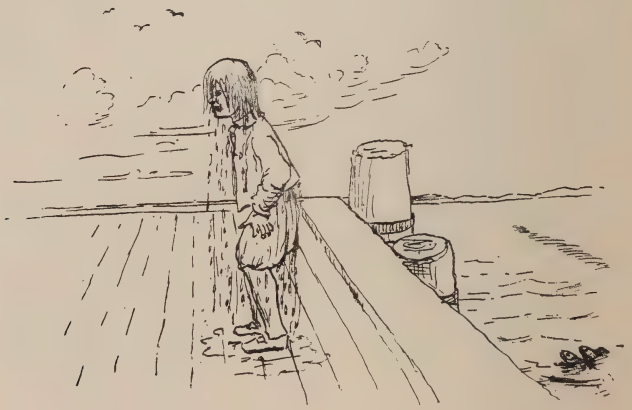
Little Johnny held his head so high
As he walked along to school
That many of the passers-by
Thought him a little fool.

He saw the pretty swallows fly,
The roofs, the clouds up in the sky,
But what was in the way before
Why, that our Johnny never saw.

One day a dog came running fast;
As usual Johnny's eyes were cast
Overhead;
No one said
"Johnny, look out! Here comes Bowwow!"
What happens now?
Thump! Dump! They almost broke their bones,
So hard they tumbled on the stones.

Johnny took up his satchel one day
And off to school he walked away.





Which way he was going he didn't think,
And it brought him down to the river's brink.
Three little fishes at him did stare
Wondering much what brought him there.

One step more, and in he splashes!
Heels over head like lightning dashes
The little fishes scream for fright,
And swim away with all their might.
But, luckily, quite near there stood
Two men, who saw him in the flood;
They took two hooked poles, & ran,
And soon fished out the little man.

Now see him standing on dry ground,
Poor little fellow, almost drowned,
The water dripping from his clothes,
And from his hair, and from his nose.

The little fishes, all the three,
Swam quickly back the child to see.
They stretched their little heads out of the flood,
And laughed as loud as ever they could.
And shook their little sides with glee;
And the satchel drifted clear out to sea.

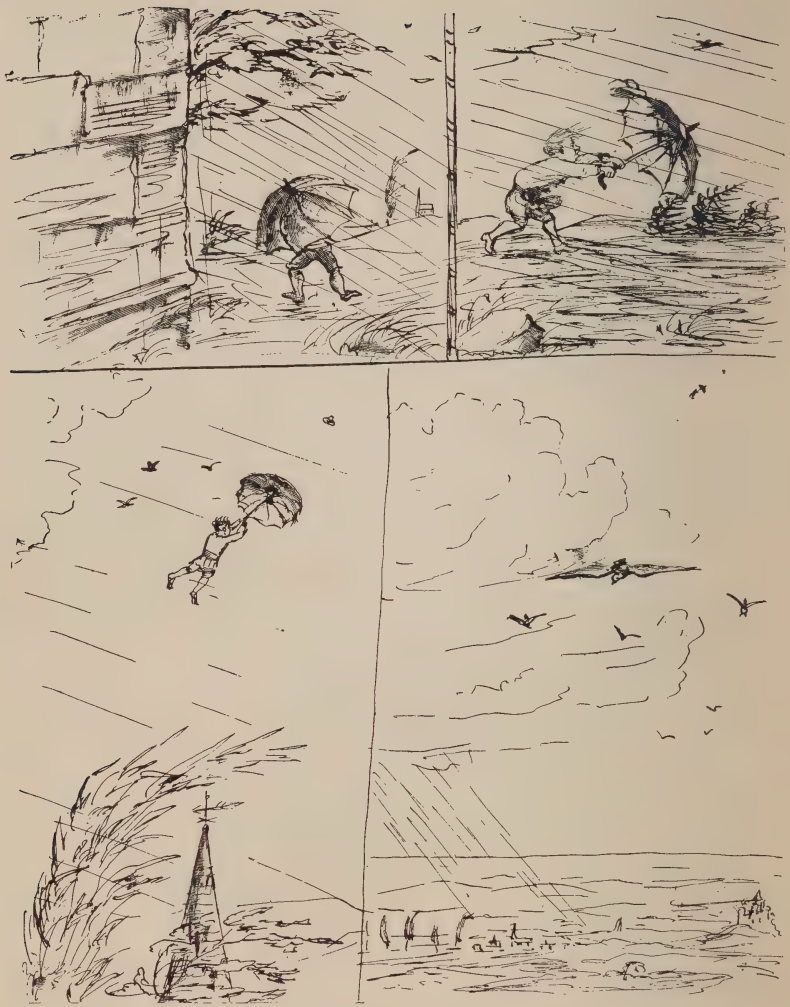
Flying Robert.

When the rain in torrents pours,
And by the wind the trees are bent,
Good little children stay in doors
And there to play they are content.
But Robert thought, one rainy day,
That it would much more pleasant be
Out in the rain to run and play,
And all the pretty puddles see.

He took Papa's umbrella out
And in the rain he splashed about.
But stronger, stronger, grew the breeze,
It whistled loudly through the trees,
It caught the umbrella, — do look there!
And whirled him up into the air.

Into the clouds poor Robert flew, —
His little hat before him blew.
Away, away, away they soar!
The little hat blew on before.

And after that where did they go?
Why, my dear child, I do not know.



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